

And Waller, the gallant and elegant Waller, who never lost sight of an allusion to his mistress, to the vivacity of his attachment, thus immortalizes his numbers, which, whilst England exists as a nation, will always be proudly mentioned in her

"Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of Noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,

That there they came
The monument and
His humble love who
Than for a pardon th

Sweet sounds often awaken echoes not less sweet; so have these lines in the mind, filled it with images of the Sidneys, the Dudleys, the Leicesters of following interesting picture of the feelings which Penshurst, so long the no spirits, is calculated to awaken in its present state of comparative desolation and

Ye Towers sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While History points to all your glories past:
And starting from their haunts the timid deer,
To trace the walks obscured by matted fern,
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
But where now clamours the discordant heron!

The spoiling hand
These lofty battl
The fading canvas
Sidney's keen lo
But fame and bear
Saved by the histo

Sir Philip Sidney's Oak, so intimately associated with these recollections of Time has begun his depredations upon it, by hollowing the stem, but its branches an amplitude and vigour that denote it likely to remain for centuries, an object interesting to the imagination; and the evident care with which all its lower branches are cut off, which has despoiled so many of its brethren, is one strong proof how much added to its value in the eyes of its illustrious owners.

PLATE XXVIII.—THE KING OAK

This Oak stands in Savernake Forest, one of the most interesting spots in the woody scenery. Whilst exploring its tangled haunts, and gazing on the massive trunks of their aged arms across his path, the imagination of the spectator waits for the appearance of the Conqueror, and all the vaunted privileges of the chase. It belongs to the Monarch, the only forest in England in the hands of a subject; by whom, in strict accordance with the King Oak, its most venerable ornament, spreads its branches over a diameter of four feet in girth. The trunk is quite hollow, and altogether its appearance may have witnessed in its infancy, those rites and sacrifices of our Saxon ancestors in shadowy recesses, at once to increase their solemnity, and to shield them from the eyes of observers.

PLATE XXIX.—THE TORTWORTH OAK

This venerable tree is probably the largest, as well as the oldest, now standing in evidence by Dr. Ducarel, in his contest with Daines Barrington, for the title of native of Britain, as a proof that it is indigenous. In the reign of Stephen, it was deemed so remarkable for its size, that, as appears upon record, it was written down as a wonder.